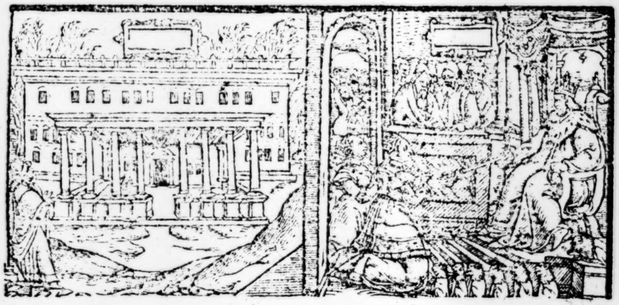
K

An excellent new Ballad, ſhewing the Petigree of our Royall King IAMES, the firſt of that name in England. To the tune of, *Gallants all come mourne with mee.*



ENgland with chearefull hart giue eare;
to that my Muſe ſhall now declare:
Tis no bace thing I take in hand,
but what brings comfort to this land:
The Petigree of a noble King.
whoſe name to thee doth Honour bring.
O Hone, honnonero, tarrararara,
tarrarararara hone.

The dreadfull ſting of cruell death,
hath ſtopt ELIZAS princely breath:
And to her ioy, ſhe now is gone,
to heauen for an Angels throne
Leauing her Honours and her Crowne,
to princely IAMES, of great renowne.
O Hone, honnonero. &c.

Shee ruled hath mongſt vs long time,
in ſpight of thoſe that did repine:
And ſought to ſtop her princely breath;
but yet ſhee dide a naturall death.
And to our comfort God did ſend
King IAMES, his Goſpell to defend.
O hone, honnonero. &c.

The Romiſh Pope, who many a day,
hath looked for a violent pray,
Fruſtrate by Wiſedomes power and care,
Is readie now for to diſpaire:
And in a ſound he ſinketh downe,
now noble Iames hath got the Crowne
O hone, honnonero. &c.

With his raigne doth the Spring begin,
as Vſher for to bring him in:
Which in conſent doth well agree
withe'yeare, the incarnate word to bee:
And in that month growing by fate,
by th'old world to wiſedome dedicate.
O hone, honnonero. &c.

And I deuine thus by the yeare:
England ſhall haue no other peere:
But in his line it ſhall remaine,
In ſpight of Pope and cruell Spaine,
Euen vntill the day of Doome,
that Chriſt to iudgement downe ſhal come
O hone, honnonero &c.

Eight hundred myles his Empire goes
in length, ſpight of all his foes.
From Cornewall, to paſt Calidon,
is knowne to be King Iames his owne.
Halfe which her boſome forth doth lay,
from German to the Virginian ſea.
O hone, honnonero. &c.

A fertile ſoyle is Ireland,
now ſubiect to his glorious hand:
Yea all the Iles from famous Fraunce,
their chalkie tops to him aduance
Saturne to him reſignes his chair
making the wealthy Mines-
O hone, honnonero. &c.

My Pen, why ſtayſt thou to report
to ſatisfie the vulgar ſort.
The Petigree of Iames our King,
whoſe fame through out the world doth ring:
The Iriſh rebell & raſh Spaine,
ſhall tremble when they heare his name
O Hone, honnonero. &c.

O let my Pen your eares inchaunt,
to ſpeake vnto braue Iohn a Gaunt,
Of Edward the third fourth ſon was hee,
from whom we draw this petigree:
For he behinde him iſſue left,
Iohn the Earle of Somerſet.
O Hone, honnonero. &c.

Which likewiſe left a ſonne behinde,
called Iohn: of a noble minde:
The which was Duke of Somerſet,
ſo made, for his atchiuements great,
The which did win him great renowne:
but heare I leaue to ſet them downe,
O Hone, honnonero. &c.

Which Duke had iſſue gentle Reader,
Margarete, matcht with Edmond Tuder
Which Edmond Tuder had a ſonne,
Called Henrie Earle of Richmon:
Which Henrie after Richards death,
eſpouſed faire Elizabeth.
O Hone, honnonero. &c.

This Elizabeth of famous worth,
was daughter to K. Edward the fourth:
And thus by their predeſtinate bed,
they ioynd the White roſe and the Red:
To Englands great vnſpeakable ioy,
And to our enemies ſore anoy.
O Hone, honnonero. &c.

By which moſt bliſt and happy vnite,
they had a Daughter, cald Margarete,
Firſt matcht to Scottiſh Iames the fourth
which was a man of mickle worth:
Which Margaret to Iames did bring,
the fift of that name Scotlands King.
O Hone, honnonero. &c.

This Iames a Daughter did poſſeſſe,
whoſe birth our ſorrowes doth redreſſe
Called Marie, by her name,
a very faire and princely Dame.
The more her fame for to aduaunce,
was macht with Fraunces K. of Fraunce
O Hone, honnonero. &c.

But leaue we her in Fraunce a whyle,
and now come backe vnto the ſtile
Of Henries Daughter, Margaret,
whoſe bleſſed wombe brought our delight
or Archeball Douglas ſhe did wed,
Anguis braue Earle, who iſſue bred.
O Hone, honnonero. &c.

By her he had a Daughter bright,
cald by the name of Margaret,
To the Earle of Lenox wedded was ſhee,
and bore a Sonne named Henrie,
The which was called the Lord Darlie,
and after wedded the Scottiſh Marie.
O Hone, honnonero. &c.

By whoſe moſt ſweete and happy bed,
our ſorrowes now are quight ſtroke dead
For to Lord Darlie ſhe did bring
olde Brittaines hope, & Iames our king
As next of Henries line, 'boue other,
comming both by father and mother.
O Hone, honnonero. &c.

England reioyce, and now giue prayſe,
vnto the Lord, that ſo did rayſe
Our ſorrowfull harts with hopes of ioy,
when we were drownde with ſad anoy,
For loſſe of ſweete Elizaes life,
taking for nothing more then ſtrife.
O Hone, honnonero. &c.

Yet God for vs did ſo prouide,
and helde vs vp when we did ſlide,
And as Eliza ſhe is gone,
he ſent an other to eaſe our mone.
King Iames is he, by whoſe ſweete breath
we ſtill poſſeſſe Queene Elizabeth.
O Hone, honnonero. &c.

For though her Corpes be wrapt in lead
and neuer on this earth ſhall tread,
Yet do her Vertues ſtill remaine,
without blot, blemiſh, or ſtaine.
In noble Iames her vertues liue,
to whom God doth her honours giue.
O Hone, honnonero. &c.

O noble King to England haſte,
that our full pleaſures we may taſte:
For nothing now breedes our deſpight,
but that we want our Prince his ſight
Which if we had, we more ſhould ioy,
then 'Lizaes death wrought our anoy.
O Hone, honnonero &c.

Now Engliſh-men leaue off your griefe,
For noble Iames bringes vs reliefe:
Pull mourning Fethers from your head,
and flouriſh now in Yellow and Red.
Sing ioyfull Poems of his prayſe,
that God may lengthen long his dayes.
O Hone, honnonero. &c.

God graunt him mongſt vs long to raigne
to be a ſcourge to Rome and Spaine:
That hating them, and all their wayes,
he ſtill may ſtriue Gods word to rayſe.
And to defend the poore mans right,
that they be not orecome by might.
O Hone, honnonero. &c.

O Lord make thou his Counſell wiſe,
that they may giue him good aduiſe.
Bleſſe the Commons, and all thoſe
that ſeeke the ruine of his foes:
And may he die a thouſand ſhames,
that with his hert loues not K. Iames.
O Hone. honnonero, tarrarararara,
Tarrarararara hone

FINIS.

Imprinted at London E. W.

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